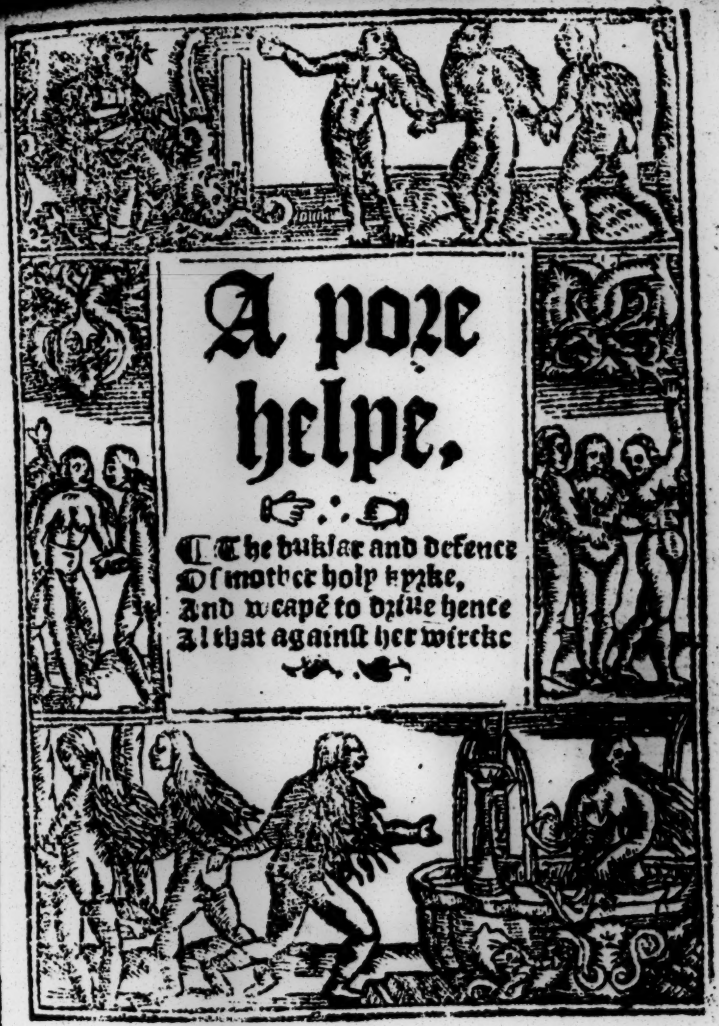

A poze helpe.

¶ The bukler and defence
Of mother holy kyrke,
And weapē to dryue hence
All that against her wircke

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Wyll none in all this lande
Step forth and take in hande
These felowes to withstande
In nombre lyke the sande
That with the Gospell melies
And wyll do nothynge elles
But tratlynge tales tales
Agaynst our holy prelacie
And holy churches dygnitie
Sayinge it is but vanitie
Yea fayned and Hipocrisy
Erronious and hereticke
And taketh them auctoritie
Out of the holy Euangelie
All customes ceremoniall
And rytes ecclesiasticall
Not grounded on scripture
No longer to endure
And thus ye maye be sure
The people they allure
And drawe them from your lore
The whiche wyll greue you sore
Take hede I saye therfore
Your nede was neuer more
But lens ye be so slacke
It greueth me a lacke
To heare behynde your backe

How

Howe they wyll carpe and cracke
And none of you that dare
Whiche one of them compare
Yet some there be that are
So bolde to shewe they ware
And is no preest nor deacon
And yet wyll fyre his betowe
Ageynst suche felowes frayle
Make out with tothe and nayle
And hoyste by meyne sayle
And manfully to fyght
In holy prelates ryght
With penne and ynke and paper
And lyke no trifelynge Japer
To touche these felowes in dede
With all expedient spede
And not before it nede
And I in dede am he
That wayteth for to se
Who dare so hardy be
To encounter here with me
I stande here in defence
Of some that be far hence
And can both bysse and sence
And also undertake
Ryght holy thynges to make
Yea God within a cake

And

And who so that forsake
His breade shall be dowe bake
I openly professe
The holy blyssed masse
Of strength to be no lesse
Then it was at the fyrst
But I wolde se who durst
Set that amonge the wordi
For he shulde be accursi
With boke, bell and candell
And so I wolde hym handell
That he shulde ryght well enoble
Howe to escape I trowe
So hard on his breade
Deprave our holy breade
Dyels to prate or patter
Agaynst our holy matter
This is a playne matter
It nedeth not to flatter
They be suche holy thynges
As hath ben bled with kynges
And yet these lewde losels
That bragge upon theyr Gospelles
At ceremonies fowelles
And at our thryfty belies
And at our longe gownes
And at your shaven crownes

And

And at your tryttes tyme
The Iauelles wyll repyne
They saye ye leade euyll lyues
With other mennes wyues
And wyll none of your owne
And so your lode is lowne
In other mennes grounde
True wedlocke to confounde
Thus do they rayle and raue
Callynge euery preest a knaue
That louyth messe to saye
And after ydle all daye
They wolde not haue you playe
To dyspute the tyme awaye
But drabble on the Byble
Whiche is but vnpossible
To be learned in all your lyfe
Yet therin be they ryfe
Whiche maketh all this stryfe
And also the Paraphrasies
Moche dyfferyng from your portaises
They wolde haue dayly vsed
And portaise cleane refused
But they shall be accused
That haue so farre abused
Theyr tongues agaynst suche holynes

And holy churches busynes
Wayde hundred yeares a go
Great lerkes affyrmeth so
And other many mo
That searched to and fro.
In scripture for to fynde
What they myght leaue behynde
For to be kept in mynde
Amonge the people blynde
As warneryge as the wynde
And wrote therof suche bokes
That who so on them lokes
Shall fynde them to be clarkes
As proueth by theyr warkes
And yet there be that barcke
And saye they be but darcke
But harke ye lollars harke
So well we shall you marcke
That yf the worlde shall turne
A sorte of you shall burne
Ye durst as well I saye
Within this two yeares daye
As soone to runne awaye
As suche partes to playe
When some dyd rule and reygne
And auncient thynges mayntayne

Whiche

(Whiche nowe be couered vayne
And brought into dyscayre
Suche men I saye they were
As loue not this geare
And kepe you styll in feare
To burne vp faggottes here
Then dare ye not be bolde
(Agaynst our lordynges olde
Ymages of golde
Whiche nowe be bought and solde
And were the laye mannes boke
Wherin they ought to loke)
One worde to speake a mysse
Can ye saye nay to this?
No no ye soles I wysse
I thynke to playne it is.
Then dyd these clarkes diuyne
Bayle them selues enclyne
To proue and to defyne
That Christes body aboue
Which he suffered for our loue
And dyed for our behoue
Is in the sacrament
Flesche bloude and bone present
And breade and wyne awaye
Alone as they shall saye

The wordes of consecracion
In tyme of celebracion
So muste it be in dede
Thoughe it be not in the crede
And yet these felowes newe
Wyll saye it is not true
Christes body for to bewe
With any bodyly eye
That do they playne deny
And stifly stande therby
And enterpryse to wryght
And also to enbyght
Bokes both great and small
Agaynst these fathers all
And herely it call
That any man shulde teache
Or to the people preache
Suche thynges without they re reache
And some there be that saye
That Christ cannot all day
Be kept within a boy
Nor yet set in the stockes
Nor hy doen lyke a for
Nor prysoner but er lockes
Nor clothed with powdred armyne
Nor bredeth stynkynge vermyne
Nor dwelethin an howse

Nor eaten of a mouse
Nor rotten is nor rustye
Nor moth eaten nor mustye
Nor lyght as is a fether
Nor blowne awaye with wether
Nor moulde or he be spent
Nor yet with fyre be brente
Nor can no more be slayne
Nor offered vp agayne
Blessed sacrament for thy passion
Here and se our exclamacion
Agayn̄st these men of newe facion
That stryue agayn̄st the holy nacion
And Jest of them in playes
In tauerns and lye wayes
And their good actes dyspayrle
And martyrs wolde them make
That brent were at a stake
And synge prycke mery annot
And play of wyll not cannot
And as for cannot and wyll not
Though they speake not of it it skylleth not
For a noble clarke of late
And worthy in estate
Hath played with them checkmate
Their courage to abate

And telles them suche a tale
As makes theyr bonettes bale
And marreth cleane the sale.
Of all theyr wholepastyme
And all is done in ryme
Oh, what a man is this
That yf he coulde Jwysse
Colde me do that is amysse
His meanynge is in dede
That yf he myght well spede
And beare some rule agayne
It shulde be to theyr payne
I thynke they were but worthye
Because they be so sturdye
To rayle agaynst the wyrke
Of our mother holy kyrke
Yet some there be in fume
And proudly do presume
Unto this learned man
To answere and they can
And wene they had the grace
His balad to deface
And trowe for that wyll ber
Nay nay beleue ye me
I take my marke amys,
If once he dyd not mys
I bery narowe his

Well

Well yf you come agayne
Mayehappen twelue men
Shall do as they dyd then
Haue you forgote the bar
That euer there you war
And stode to make and mar
By god and by the coũtrey
You had a narowe entrey
Take here of coram nobis
We wyll reken with vobis
If you come agayne
We wyll knowe who pulled the henne
For all your bolde courage
You maye paye for the potage
And are you nowe so bragge
You maye come to lagge
Your happe may be to wagge
Upon a wodden nagge
Or els a fayre fyre
May happe to be your hyer
Take hede leaste you tyer
And lye downe in the myer
Holde fast by the mane
By the masse it is no game
If my Lorde ware not lame
you wyl all be tame
When you heare hym nere

Marke well his text
He hath ben cunsily vext
I feare me he be wext
A popishant stout
Surely all the rout
That heres hym shall doubt
He wyll be in and out
Prowlyng rounde about
To get forth the snout
If prayer maye do good
All the whole broode
Shurup, shaved, and skalde
Shaven shorne, and balde
Pore prestes of Baule
We praye for hym all
Unto the God of heade
For yf he be deade
We maye go to bed
Blyndefylde and beld
Without rag or shred
But I am sore adred
I se hym loke so red
Yet I dare slepe my heade
As better fryer sayde
He hath some what in store
Well you shall knowe more

Herken

Herken well therfore
Some shall paye the score
He hath ben a pardoner
And also a garddener
He hath ben a bytaller
A lordly hospytelar
A noble teacher
And so so a preacher
Though he Sermyn his man
Were hanged what than
Saye wo[illegible]e and you can
Best let hym alone
For Peter James and John
And Apostles euery one
I gyue you playne warnynge
Had neuer suche learnynge
As hath this famous clarke
He is learned be beyond the marke
And also maister huggarde
Doth shewe hym selfe no sluggarde
Nor yet no dronken druggarde
But sharpeth vp his wyt
And frameth it so fyt
These yonkers for to hyt
And wyll not thampermyt
In ernest wyll to syt
As it maye well appeare

And

By his clarkely answere
The whiche intitled is
Agaynst what meaneth this
A man of olde sorte
And wryteth not in sporte
But answereth earnestly
Concludynge heresy
And yet as I trowe
Some bluster and blowe
And crake (as they crowe)
But nettes wyll we laye
To cache them yf we maye
For yf I begynne
I wyll brynge them in
And fetche in my colens
By the whole dosens
And cali them coram nobis
And teache them dominus vobis
With his et cum spiritu tuo
That holy be both duo
When they be sayde and songe
In holy latyn tongue
And solemne belles be ronge
But these babes be to yonge
Perkynge vpon theyr patins
And sayne wolde haue the mattens

And

And eueringe seruyce
In Englishe to be do
With mariage and baptynge
Buryalles and other thynge
In bulgare tongue to saye and synge
And so they do it newly
In dyuerse places truly
Sayinge they do but duely
Mayntaynynge it in any wyse
So shulde they do theyr seruyce
Alas who wolde not mone
Or rather grunt or groue
To se suche seruyce gone
Whiche saued many one
From deadly synne and shame
And many a spote of blame
From purgatorye payne
And many showre of rayne
Well yet I saye agayne
Some honest men remayne
And kepe theyr customes styll
And euer more wyll
Wherfore in dede my rede is
To take you to your beades
All men and women I saye
That bleth so to praye.

That

That suche good priestes maye
Contynue so alwaye
Or els none otherlyke
But all yethin the dyke
And loke ye do not faynt
But praye to some good sayne
That he maye make restraint
Of all these straunge factions
And great abominacions,
Because I maye not tary
I praye to swete syr Hacry
A man that wyll not bury
And one that is no sculker
But kan.kny ghte of the Sepulchre
That he maye stande fast
And be not ouercast
Or els to be the last
Of all them that do yelde
In eyte towne or fielde
For yf he styke therin
No doubt he shall not blyn
Tyll he come to eternytie
With all his whole fraternyte
Amen therfore saye ye
That his partakers be
Ye get no more of me.

Finis.